

### The CAREY Idea: ONE Roof is Enough

**DON'T YOU THINK** one roof ought to be enough for any building? Charles Lexow, of Mitchell, Ills., recently became a convert to this Carey Idea. In 20 years or so, doubtless he will pay the sort of tribute to Carey's Roofing that H. L. Bonta, of Harrodsburg, Mercer Co., Ky., does, when he wrote us, April 23rd last:—"Some 15 or 18 years ago, I bought Carey's Roofing to cover a large barn. The Roofing is still doing good service."

## CAREY'S FLEXIBLE CEMENT ROOFING

Is fire-resisting, wind and waterproof; will not Rot, Rust, Melt, Break or Dry Out. It is equally adapted to flat or steep surfaces; is easily laid on new buildings or over leaky shingles or metal roofs, with but knife and hammer as tools.

CAREY'S ROOFING is composed of the highest grade of woolen felt of our own manufacture, strong East Indian burlap and our own highly tempered asphalt cement compound, all compressed into compact, always flexible sheets. The Carey Patent Lap covers and permanently protects nail-heads.

Sold and shipped direct from our warehouses, conveniently located. Write for sample and our ROOF-BOOK—both FREE.

THE PHILIP CAREY MFG. CO., Toronto, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.

### HOLSTEINS FOR SALE



Four imported and one home-bred bulls, from 8 to 13 months old; also our entire crop of spring bull calves, from week old up, sired by

the grandly-bred imp. bull, Sir Howijie B. Pietertje, whose dam's record is over 82 lbs. milk in one day, and from great-producing cows of the most fashionable strains. Can spare a few cows and heifers from one year up; 75 head to select from. Cheese 13c. Don't delay if you want one from this herd.

H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.

### RECORD OF MERIT HOLSTEINS

Herd 110 strong. Over 40 head now in the Record of Merit Two of the richest-bred bulls in Canada's head of the herd. For sale: 18 bulls, from 2 months to 1 year of age, all out of Record of Merit cows and sired by the stock bulls.

P. D. EDM, Oxford Centre P.O. Woodstock Station.

### Fairview Herd Holsteins

Home of Pontiac Rag Apple, the cow that sold a few days ago for \$8,000. Highest price ever paid for an A. R. O. cow. I have her sire, Pontiac Korndyke, the greatest living sire of the breed, and also over 40 of his daughters, sisters to the one that brought the top price, and they are all good ones. Also bull calves by the best sires in the States. Write me, or come and look the herd over. Only seven miles from Prescott, Ont.

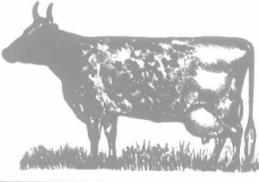
E. H. DOLLAR, Hevelton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

### SPRING BROOK HOLSTEINS & TAMWORTHS

Have just decided to reduce my herd of Holsteins, and am offering 10 choice females of different ages, of rich breeding and high quality. Also 2 bulls 12 mos. old. Will make winners. Tamworths of different ages to offer. Come and see them. Don't depend only on writing. Notify when coming. A. G. HALLMAN, Breslau, Waterloo Co., Ont.

### Holsteins and Yorkshires

R. HONEY, Brickley, Ont., offers a very choice lot of young bulls, also boars and sows to mate.



### Ayrshires and Yorkshires

Our imported Ayrshires are now safely in our own stables. Three young bulls, balance females of different ages. Any for sale. We can now offer imported or Canadian-bred animals of any age, of the choicest dairy breeding, at lowest living prices. Write us. A few pigs only on hand. Information cheerfully given.

ALEX. HUME & CO., MENIE, ONT. Long-distance Phone Campbellford.

**SPRINGBURN STOCK FARM, North Williamsburg, Ont.,** Ayrshires, both sexes and all ages; Berkshires, both sexes and all ages; Oxford Down sheep, a few choice ones left; Buff Orpington fowls, eggs \$1.00 per setting, \$4 per hundred. H. J. Whitteker & Sons, Props.

**SHANNON BANK STOCK FARM FOR AYRSHIRES AND YORKSHIRES** Young stock of both sexes for sale from imported stock.

W. H. TRAN, Cedar Grove, Ont.

### AYRSHIRES FROM A PRIZEWINNING HERD

Have some nice bull and heifer calves for sale at reasonable prices. For particulars, etc., write to WM. STEWART & SON, Campbellford Stn. o. Menie P.O., Ont.

When Writing Please Mention this Paper

## ANNANDALE FINE STOCK FARM TILLSONBURG, ONT.

Premier sire, Prince Posch Calamity, whose dam and sire's dam average in official test 86 lbs. milk in 1 day and 26 lbs. butter in 7 days.

No stock for sale at present.

GEO. RICE, Tillsonburg, Ont.

### "THE MAPLES" HOLSTEIN HERD

Is made up of Record of Merit cows and heifers with large records, and headed by Lord Wayne Mechtulde Calamity. Bull calves from one to five months old for sale.

Walburn Rivers, Folden's, Ont.

### Lyndale Holsteins

Two bulls fit for service, sired by a son of De Kol 2nd's Butter Boy 3rd; also a number of bull calves, out of Record of Merit cows.

BROWN BROS., LYN. ONTARIO.

### "GLENARCHY" HOLSTEINS!

43 head of big, deep-flanked, heavy-producing Holsteins, many of them milking from 50 to 60 lbs. a day on grass. Have only bull calves for sale now. A straight, smooth lot.

G. MAGINTYRE, Renfrew P.O. and Stn.

### Maple Hill Holstein-Friesians

Bull calves from No. 1 dams, sired by bulls with great official backing. Write for prices.

G. W. Clemons, St. George, Ont.

### QUEEN CITY HOLSTEINS

If you would like to purchase a young Holstein bull whose sire's dam has an official record of 60 pounds of milk and 26 pounds of butter in seven days, write to R. F. HICKS, Newton Brook P.O., York Co.

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always does when I explode. That's a woman for you. She will goad a man till he can't refrain from saying the only comforting thing he knows to say; and then she is insulted, and leaves the room, and, likely as not, goes off, and wonders whether any man is really good enough for any woman, and all that kind of rot.

Now, I am a man, and to such the ways of woman are past all understanding. I had watched my Sallie, among our intimates, scintillating and witty, and, best of all, appreciated, liked, and listened to. Then, on the few occasions that we had in some unaccountable way broken into "that set," I had seen her sitting, expectant, eager to add a sparkler of thought to the frothy talk—I will not call it conversation. Her efforts usually were unavailing. They had no time for her. I, being on a salary, and not a princely one, and she attired in last year's gowns, were social mistakes—mistakes, it is true, to be overlooked.

If, in some lapse, Sallie wedged in the remark she had patiently and pathetically nursed, no one heard it. She could say nothing which could possibly interest "that set." But every gaze was intent, all ears opened wide, so not to miss any of the toads which hopped from the mouth of the dough-faced lady whose husband had made millions in speculation. Her choicest epigrams were encrusted with such verbiage that the shade of Daniel Webster would have hidden his diminished head, could he have heard.

And yet my Sallie tingled with joy at every chance which threw her into the company of "that set."

Well, the morning of the eventful day "dawned bright and fair," just as it does in novels. There was an excitement in our happy home which did not make for peace and contentment.

Our hired girl (nothing makes Sallie so provoked as for me to call our "maid" a hired girl) got impertinent, and threatened to quit, and nothing short of a raise in her wages would hold her.

Sallie fidgeted around, dusting the furniture after the maid had finished, running to the refrigerator to make sure that there was plenty of ice, and doing sundry other unnecessary stunts.

At noon the caterer came with his corps of assistants, and even I was impressed by his grand manner, and found myself saying, "No, sir," and "Yes, sir," to him.

Just as Sallie finally left the kitchen, with flushed cheeks and a victorious air, the telephone rang. Sallie, being summoned, was lightly informed by Mrs. Worthing that she was awfully sorry, but that she and Mr. Worthing were just about to take the train for the city. They had had a telegram, she condescended farther to explain, from the Appletons, inviting them to join them, and go with them that night to the opera, etc.

I have been married ten years, and I trust that I have learned to be loyal to the woman I promised to love and cherish. Therefore, I draw a veil over the thirty minutes following the telephone conversation. And let no man, unless he be a married man similarly situated, fancy that he can see behind that veil!

It ended by our inviting the Sextons and Wilsons to dine with us that night.

"My!" commented Mame over the phone when I talked to her—for it was I who did the talking—"seventy-three, you say; you must be dead swell!"

I could not explain to her that to have told that major-domo in the kitchen to serve dinner an hour earlier, to suit the exigencies of the occasion, was as impossible a feat as to inform him that two of our guests had gone off on the train at the summons of the other two, who had even forgotten they were invited!

"He must never know!" Sallie had whispered, in her final gasp of despair. And I had assured her he should never know.

"They must never know—the Sextons and Wilsons," she had managed to articulate, and had been told to trust all to me.

Never before had I risen superior to my Sallie. But, in justice to her, I must explain that my courage, in the face of her weakness, was due to the fact that, if I had to go in debt for a function, I much preferred to have Luke Sexton and Jim Wilson eating it up than those creatures for whom it was planned.

By evening Sallie had braced up, and begun to take notice. She wore her new gown, and presided with grace and dignity at the elaborate course dinner, faultlessly served by the major-domo's trained waiters.

It was evident that the Sextons and Wilsons were simply dumbfounded at the elegance of the affair. "Say, Charley, this is what I call a function, sure enough," Louise whispered to me, with a glance over her shoulder to make sure that one of the factotums didn't hear her.

Never in that little old house was there so pompous and dignified an occasion. It began with Sallie, and finally infected us all. We rose above the gay gabble which ordinarily prevailed at that board, with that "crowd" (not "set").

We spoke in hushed tones of high ideals with the oysters. With the soup we toyed with Carlyle's "French Revolution." The fish, by a sequence of ideas, suggested the evolution of man. With the game, we discussed Lucullus and his gorgeous feasts. The salad provoked us to airy persiflage, which, somehow or other, was not airy. Even the wines, which followed the courses in the proper manner, laid down by the fellows who know, instead of lightening, only deepened the solemnity.

We ate, we drank, but we did not make merry. It was too much to ask with all those American Beauty roses staring us in the face and the waiters staring us in the back.

Of course, the women withdrew and left us men to our wine and walnuts. Sallie had insisted upon that. She was not willing to alter her original plans in any particular, for fear that cook fellow would think it strange.

A gloom like the pall of death fell on us three old chums after the women left us. I rehearsed to myself that formula used in dismissing servants: "Henry, you may withdraw. I will ring if we need anything." But when I cleared my throat and opened my mouth to speak, all I said was, "Mr. Sexton, have another cigar."

"Mr. Sexton! My old pal, Luke! Well, well, it's queer how the microscope of snobbishness gets into a fellow's blood! And it's alarming that the presence of a dumb waiter can make old friends act like new!"

Jim Wilson had heard traditions about the witty after-dinner stories men tell to each other after the women withdraw, so he essayed one. It was so pathetic that I surreptitiously wiped my eyes with my silk handkerchief.

But as all things, good and bad, come to an end in time, so did that dinner. After a respectable and what I deemed usual lapse of time, I rose and said, dignifiedly, "Gentlemen, shall we rejoin the ladies?"

After our guests had departed, with proper decorum, and the hired servants had been paid, I looked at Sallie.

And, upon my word, even though there was nothing left to jingle in my pockets but my night key and my Chinese pocket-piece, I felt pity for her. So I said, cheerfully: "Well, old girl, I'm glad we had those people here to eat up the truck. I fancy we surprised them with our style. But what I've been thinking is—this is a conundrum—if it was stiff with intelligent people like the Sextons and Wilsons, how stiff would it have been with the Appletons—"

"Never mention that name to me again," vehemently commanded my wife.

"Amen!" I fervently responded—IM. W. Jarrell, in Boston Cooking-school Magazine.